

WE MUST GROW OLD.

We must grow old! The years go by.
Sometimes on wings they seem to fly;
But why such haste? We know not why.
We only know that we grow old!

Sometimes, alas! the years they go
As if with leaden feet, so slow
We faint from pain. We cannot know
Wherefore or why, but we grow old!

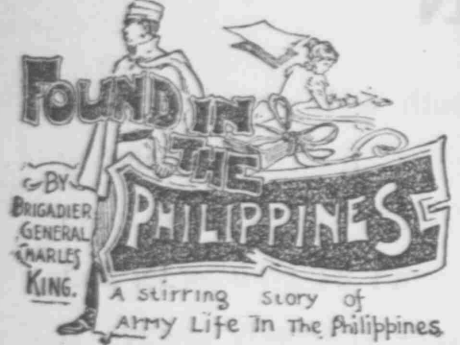
Each vanished year its own sad tale
Of disappointment, woe and pain,
Adds to the score, until we fall,
Since we grow old! We must grow old!

The broken links of life's short chain
Can never find their place again;
The heart will bleed when pierced with
Pain.

When loved ones die, and we grow old.

Into the dark unknown we take
The hopes of fortune could not shake,
Pure as the mountain's snowy flake,
Where all is well—when we are old.

—Timothy Thomas Fortune, in N. Y. Sun.



CHAPTER VI.

The great thoroughfare of that wonderful city, seated on more than her seven hills, and ruling the western world, was thronged from curb to curb. Gay with bunting and streamers, the tall buildings of the rival newspapers and the long facades of hotels and business blocks were gayer still with the life and color and enthusiasm that crowded every window. Street traffic was blocked. Cable cars clanged vainly and the police strove valiantly. It was a day given up to but one duty and one purpose, that of giving Godspeed to the soldiery ordered for service in the distant Philippines, and, though they hailed from almost every section of the union, except the Pacific slope, as though they were her own children, with all the hope and faith and pride and patriotism, with all the blessings and comforts with which she had loaded the foremost ships that sailed, yet happily without the tears that flowed when her own gallant regiment was first to lead the way, San Francisco turned out en masse to cheer the men from far beyond the Sierras and the Rockies, and to see them proudly through the Golden Gate. Early in the day the guns of a famous light battery had been trundled, decked like some rose-covered chariot at the summer festival of flowers, through the winding lanes of eager forms and faces, the cannoneers almost dragged from the ranks by the clasping hands of men and women who seemed powerless to let go. With their little brown carriages tossed jauntily over the broad blue shoulders, half a regiment of regular cavalry dismounted, had gone trudging down to the docks, cheered to the gateway of the pier by thousands of citizens who seemed to envy the very recruits who, only half-uniformed and drilled, brought up the rear of the column. Once within the massive wooden portals, the guards and sentries holding back the importunate crowd, the soldiers flung aside their heavy packs, and were marshalled before an array of tempting tables and there feasted, comforted and rejoiced under the ministrations of that marvelous successor of the sanitary commission of the great civil war of the sixties—the order of the Red Cross. There at those tables in the dust and din of the bustling piers, in the soot and heat of the railway station, in the jam and turmoil at the ferry houses, in the fog and chill of the seaward camps, in the fever-haunted wards of crowded field hospitals, from dawn till dark, from dark till dawn, towed week after week devoted women in every grade of life, the wife of the millionaire, the daughter of the day laborer, the gentle born, the delicately reared, the social pets and darlings, the humble seamstress, no one too high to stoop to aid the departing soldier, none too poor or low to deny him cheer and sympathy. The war was still young then. Spain had not lowered her riddled standard and sued for peace. Two great fleets had been swept from the seas, the guns of Santiago were silenced, and the stronghold of the orient was sulking in the shadow of the flag, but there was still soldier work to be done, and so long as the nation sent its fighting men through her broad and beautiful gates San Francisco and the Red Cross stood by with eager, lavish hands to heap upon the warrior sons of a score of other states, even as upon their own, every cheer and comfort that wealth could purchase, or human sympathy devise. It was the one feature of the war days of '98 that will never be forgotten.

At one of the flower-decked tables near the great "stage" that led to the main deck of the transport, a group of blithe young matrons and pretty girls had been busily serving fruit, coffee and bouillon and substantial to the troops, man after man, for over two hours. There was lively chat and merry war of words going on at the moment between half a dozen young officers who had had their eyes on that particular table ever since the coming of the command, and were now making the most of their opportunities before the trumpets should sound the assembly and the word be passed to move aboard. All the heavy baggage and ammunition had, at last, been swung into the hold; the guns of the battery had been lowered and securely chocked; the fore-castle head was thronged with the red trimmed uniforms of the artillerymen, who had already been embarked and were now jealously clamoring that the troops should be "shot off" from the further

ministrations of the Red Cross, and broadly intimating that it wasn't a fair deal that their rivals should be allowed a whole additional hour of lingering farewells.

Lingering farewells there certainly were. Many a young soldier and many a lass "paired off" in little nooks and corners among the stacks of bales and boxes, but at the table nearest the staging all seemed gay good humor. A merry little woman with straw-colored hair and pert, tip-tilted nose and much vivacity, and complexion, had apparently taken the lead in the warfare of chaff and fun. Evidently she was no stranger to most of the officers. Almost as evidently, to a very close observer who stood a few paces away, she was no intimate of the group of women who with good right regarded that table as their special and personal charge. Her Red Cross badge was very new; her garb and gloves were just as fresh and spotless. She had not been lading out milk and cream, or buttering sandwiches, or pinning souvenirs on dusty blue blouses ever since early morning. Other faces there showed through all their smiles and sweetness the traces of long days of unaccustomed work and short nights of troubled sleep. Marvelous were Mrs. Frank Garrison's recuperative powers, thought they who saw her brought home in the Primes' stylish carriage, weak and helpless and shaken after her adventure of the previous day. She had not been at the Presidio a week and yet she pervaded it. She had never thought of such a thing as the Red Cross until she found it the center of the social firmament after her arrival at San Francisco, and here she was, the last comer, the foremost ("most forward") I think some one described it) in their circle at one of the most prominent tables, absorbing much of the attention, most of the glory, and none of the fatigue that should have been equally shared by all.

"Adios!" she gayly cried, as the "assembly" rang out, loud and clear, and waving their hands and raising their caps, the officers hastened to join their comrades. "Adios, till we meet in Manila."

"Do you really think of going to the Philippines, Mrs. Garrison?" queried a much older looking, yet younger woman. "Why, we were told the general said that none of his staff would be allowed to take their wives."

"Yet there are others!" laughed Mrs. Garrison, waving a dainty handkerchief toward the troops now breaking into column of twos and slowly climbing the stage. "Who would want to go with that blessed old undertaker? Good-by—bon voyage, Geordie," she cried, blowing a kiss to the lieutenant at the head of the second troop, a youth who blushed and looked confused at the attention thereby centered upon him and who would fain have shaken his fist, rather than waved the one unoccupied hand in perfunctory reply. "When I go I'll choose a ship with a band and broad decks, not any such cramped old canal boat as the Portland."

"Oh! I thought perhaps your husband," began the lady, dubiously, but with a significant glance at the silent faces about her.

"Who? Frank Garrison? Heavens! I haven't known what it was to have a husband—since that poor dear boy went on staff duty," promptly answered the diminutive center of attraction, a merry peal of laughter ringing under the dingy archway of the long, long room. "Why, the Portland has only one stateroom in it big enough for a band-box, and of course the general has to have that, and there isn't a deck where one couple could turn a slow waltz. No, indeed! wait for the next flotilla, when our fellows go, bands and all. Then we'll see."

"But surely, Mrs. Garrison, we are told the war department has positively forbidden officer's wives from going on the transports"—again began her interrogator, a wistful look in her tired eyes. "I know I'd give anything to join Mr. Dutton."

"The war department has to take orders quite as often as it gives them, Mrs. Dutton. The thing is to know how to be of the order giving side. Oh, joy!" she suddenly cried. "Here are the Primes and Amy Lawrence—then the regiments must be coming! And there's Stanley Armstrong!"

Far up the westward street the distant roar of voices mingled with the swing and rhythm and crash of martial music. Dock policemen and soldiers on guard began boring a wide lane through the throng of people on the pier. A huge black transport ship lay moored along the opposite side to that on which the guns and troopers were embarked, and for hours bales, boxes and barrels had been swallowed up and stored in her capacious depths until now, over against the tables of the Red Cross, there lay behind a rope barrier, tall stretched and guarded by a line of sentries, an open space close under the side of the greater steamer and between the two landing stages, placed fore and aft. By this time the north tide of the broad pier was littered with the inevitable relics of open air luncheon, and though busy hands had been at work and the tables had been cleared, and fresh white cloths were spread and everything on the tables began again to look fair and inviting, the good fairies themselves looked askance at their bestrewn surroundings.

"Oh, if we could only move everything bodily over to the other side," wailed Madam President, as from her perch on a stack of Red Cross boxes she surveyed that coveted stretch of clean, unhampered flooring.

"And why not?" chirruped Mrs. Garrison, from a similar perch, a tier or two higher. "Here are men enough to move mountains. All we have to do is to say the word."

"Ah, but it isn't," replied the other, gazing wistfully about over the throng of faces, as though in search of some one sufficient in rank and authority to serve her purpose. "We plead in vain with the officer-of-the-guard. He says

his orders are imperative—to allow no one to intrude on that space," and madam looked as though she would rather look anywhere than at the animated sprite above her.

"What nonsense!" shrilled Mrs. Garrison. "Here, Cherry," she called to a pretty girl, standing near the base of the pile, "give me my bag. I'm army woman enough to know that order referred only to the street crowd that sometimes works in on the pier and steals." The bag was duly passed up to her. She cast one swift glance over the heads of the crowd to where a handsome carriage was slowly working its way among the groups of prettily-dressed women and children—friends and relatives of members of the departing commands, in whose behalf, as though by special dispensation, the order excluding all but soldiers and the Red Cross had been modified. Already the lovely dark-eyed girl on the near side had waved her hand in greeting, responding to Mrs. Garrison's enthusiastic signals, but her companion, equally lovely, though of far different type, seemed preoccupied, perhaps unwilling to see, for her large, dark, thoughtful eyes were engaged with some object on the opposite side—not even with the distinguished looking soldier who sat facing her and talking quietly at the moment with Mr. Prime. There was a gleam of triumph in Mrs. Garrison's dancing eyes as she took out a flat notebook and pencil and dashed off a few lines in bold and vigorous strokes. Tearing out the page, she rapidly read it over, folded it and glanced imperiously about her. A cavalry sergeant, one of the home troop destined to remain at the Presidio, was leaning over the edge of the pier, hanging on to an iron ring and shouting some parting words to comrades on the upper deck, but her shrill soprano cut through the dull roar of deep, masculine voices and the tramp of feet on resounding woodwork.

"Sergeant!" she cried, with quick decision. "Take this over to the officer in command of that guard. Then bring a dozen men and move these two tables across the pier." The cavalryman glanced at the saucy little woman in the stunning costume, "took in" the gold crossed sabres, topped by a regimental number in brilliants that pinned her martial collar at the round, white throat, noted the ribbon and pin and badge of the Red Cross, and the symbol of the Eighth corps in red enamel and gold upon the breast of her jacket, and above all the ring of accustomed authority in her tone, and

"All by this stage! Why?"



"All by this stage! Why?"

never hesitated a second. Springing to the pile of boxes he grasped the paper, respectfully raised his cap and bowed his stalwart way across the pier. In three minutes he was back—half a dozen soldiers at his heels.

"Where'd you have 'em, ma'am—miss?" he asked, as the men grasped the supports and raised the nearest table.

"Straight across and well over to the edge," she answered, in the same crisp tones of command. Then, with total and instant change of manner, "I suppose your tables should go first, Madam President," she smilingly said. "It shall be as you wish about the others."

And the Red Cross was vanquished. "I declare," said an energetic official, a moment later, leaning back on her throne of lemon boxes and fanning herself vigorously, "for a whole hour I've been trying to move that officer's heart and convince him the order didn't apply to us. Now how did she—do it?"

"The officer must be some old—some personal friend," hazarded the secretary, with a quick feminine comprehensive glance at the little lady now being lifted up to shake hands with the carriage folk, after being loaded with compliments and congratulations by the ladies of the two favored tables. "Not at all," was the prompt reply. "He is a volunteer officer she never set eyes on before to-day. I would like to know what was on that paper."

But now the roar of cheering and the blare of martial music had reached the very gateway. The broad portals were thrown open and in blue and brown, crushed and squeezed by the attendant throng, the head of the column of infantry came striding on to the pier. The band, wheeling to one side, stood at the entrance, playing them in the rafters ringing to the stirring strains of "The Liberty Bell." They were still far down the long pier, the sloping rifles just visible, dancing over the heads of the crowd. No time was to be lost. More tables were to be carried, but—who but that—"that little army woman" could give the order so that it would be obeyed. Not one bit did the president like to do it, but something had to be done to obtain the necessary order, for the soldiers who so willingly and promptly obeyed her beck and call were now edging away for a look at the newcomers, and Mrs. Frank Garrison, perched on the carriage step and chatting most vivaciously with its occupants and no longer concerning herself, apparently, about the Red Cross or its tables, had the gratification of finding herself approached quite as she had planned, by

two most prominent and distinguished women of San Francisco society, and requested to issue instructions as to the moving of the other tables. "Certainly, ladies," she responded, with charming smiles. "Just one minute, Mildred, don't drive farther yet," and with that minute half a dozen boys in blue were lugging at the first of the tables still left on the crowded side of the dock, and others still were bearing oil stoves, urns and trays. In less time than it takes to tell it the entire Red Cross equipment was on its way across the pier, and when the commanding officer of the arriving regiment reached the spot which he had planned to occupy with his band, his staff and all his officers, there in state and ceremony to receive the citizens who came in swarms to bid them farewell, he found it occupied by as many as eight snow, goody-laden tables, presided over by as many as 80 charming maids and matrons, all ready and eager to comfort and revive the inner man of his mighty regiment with coffee and good cheer illimitable, and the colonel swore a mighty oath and pounced on his luckless officer of the guard. He had served as a subaltern many a year in the old army, and knew how it was done.

"Didn't I give you personal and positive orders not to let anything or anybody occupy this space after the baggage was got aboard, sir?" he demanded.

"You did, sir," said the unabashed lieutenant, pulling a folded paper from his belt, "and the Red Cross got word to the general and what the Red Cross says—goes. Look at that!"

The colonel looked, read, looked dazed, scratched his head and said: "Well, I'm damned!" Then he turned to his adjutant. "You were with me when I saw the general last night and he told me to put this guard on and keep this space clear. Now, what'd you say to that?"

The adjutant glanced over the penciled lines. "Well," said he, "if you s'pose any order that discriminates against the Red Cross is going to hold good, once they find it out, you're bound to get left. They're feasting the first company now, sir; shall I have it stopped?" and there was a grin under the young soldier's mustache. The colonel paused one moment, shook his head and concluded he, too, would better grin and bear it. Taking the paper in his hand again he heard his name called and saw smiling faces and beckoning hands in an open carriage near him, but the sight of Stanley Armstrong, signaling to him from another, farther away, had something dominant about it. "With you in a minute," he called to those who first had summoned him. "What is it, Armstrong?"

"I wish to present you to some friends of mine—Miss Lawrence—Miss Prime—Mr. Prime—my old associate, Col. Stewart. Pardon me, Mrs. Garrison. I did not see you had returned." She had, and was once more perched upon the step. "Mrs. Garrison—Col. Stewart. What we need to know, Stewart, is this: Will all your men board the ship by this stage, or will some go aft?"

"All by this stage—why?" But the colonel felt a somewhat massive hand crushing down on his arm and forebore to press the question. Armstrong let no pause ensue. He spoke, rapidly for him, bending forward, too, and speaking low; but even as she chatted and laughed, the little woman on the carriage step saw, even though she did not seem to look, heard, even though she did not seem to listen:

"An awkward thing has happened. The general's tent was robbed of two important papers perhaps two days ago, and the guard-house rid of a most important prisoner last night. Canker has put the officer-of-the-guard in arrest. Remember good old Billy Gray who commanded us at Apache? This is Billy Junior, and I'm awfully sorry." Here the soft gray eyes glanced quickly at the anxious face of Miss Lawrence, who sat silently feigning interest in the chat between the others. The anxious look in her eyes gave way to sudden alarm at Armstrong's next words: "The prisoner must have had friends. He is among your men, disguised, and those two fellows at the stage are detectives." A low cry came from her lips, for Mrs. Garrison dropped at the instant and lay half under the wheels in a deathlike swoon upon the dock.

[To Be Continued.]

The Reason Why.

A gentleman was riding on one of the coaches in the Trossachs of Scotland, when the driver said to him: "I've had a coin give me to-day 200 years old. Did you ever see a coin 200 years old?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I have one myself 2,000 years old."

"Ah," said the driver, "have ye?" And he spoke no more during the rest of the journey.

When the coach arrived at its destination the driver came up to the gentleman with an intensely self-satisfied air and said:

"I told you as we came along that I had a coin 200 years old."

"Yes."

"And you said to me as you had one 2,000 years old."

"Yes, so I have."

"Now, you be a liar!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"What do I mean? Why—it's only 1899 now!"—London Answers.

Liberty.

New Cook—Then I am not to wear your bonnets when I like?

Miss—No, but think how large your wages are!

New Cook (haughtily)—My liberty is not for sale!—Detroit Journal.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Judge—Did you see the prisoner at the bar?

Witness—Now; when I see him he was on the street where the bartender chucked him out.—Pack.

RAILROADS IN CUBA.

A Canadian Syndicate Proposes to Get Control of All the Mileage and Make It Into One System.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 25.—President T. G. Shaughnessy, of the Canadian Pacific railroad, accompanied by Directors H. S. McDougall, R. B. Angus, and C. R. Hosmer, are here en route home from Cuba. While here it was learned that these magnates have been in Cuba inspecting the railroads of the island with a view to obtaining control of all the railroad mileage and consolidating it into one system.

Sir William VanHorne, of Montreal it is said, has been conferring with Secretary Root about the proposed deal, and President Shaughnessy thinks it will be effected. In the event the deal is consummated, it is proposed to extend railroad lines through rich agricultural and mineral regions of the island, to fit up resorts for tourists, equip roads with new and modern rolling stock, and quicken the schedules.

Havana, March 26.—Gov. Gen. Wood has recently had interviews with persons of influence who have strenuously urged the taxation of valuable properties, rather than on each bag of sugar, as it is manufactured.

Those who hold this view contend that under the present system impediments are thrown in the way of production.

They point out that many valuable estates have been lying idle and unproductive for years, some even having complete sugar plants. The owners, who are rich men, are living in Paris, Madrid and other European cities, quite untaxed for their property in Cuba.

Gen. Wood feels that if these properties are taxed their owners will be forced either to sell or to make them productive.

FIFTY-FIVE LIVES SAVED.

Thirty Stranded Colonists and 25 Shipwrecked Seamen Landed in New York.

New York, March 26.—Among the passengers who arrived on the steamer Olinda from Cuban ports were 30 stranded colonists from La Gloria and 25 shipwrecked seamen. Twenty of the latter are from the Norwegian steamer Framnes, which was swept ashore by currents on Hog Sty reef in the Bahamas on the night of March 21 and became a total loss as already reported. The crew landed on the reef with provisions and the chief officer and four seamen put off in a boat to go to Inagua for assistance. They were picked up by the steamer Adm. Schley and landed at Fortune Island. The shipwrecked men were forwarded to this port by the Norwegian consul. Capt. Thorbjornsen stayed at Fortune Island to look after the owners' interests.

The other five shipwrecked seamen embarked at Nuevitas. They were from the American schooner Hattie Godfrey which was lost on Pomano reef while on the voyage from Batacoa to Havana. The schooner was a total loss.

REBELS AGGRESSIVE.

The American Forces Garrisoning the Town of Yamaga Pacan Attacked By the Filipinos.

Manila, March 26.—La Patria and El Liberal, Spanish organs of the extreme Filipino party, have recently been publishing articles inimical to the military government. Gen. Otis has suppressed the former journal for sedition and imprisoned the editor, at the same time issuing a warning to the members of the extreme party that they should observe greater moderation.

Senor Paterno, at one time president of the so-called Filipino cabinet, having received permission from the authorities to come to Manila, is expected to present himself this week at San Fernando, province of Union.

The rebels in Gen. Young's district are becoming aggressive. The American battalion garrisoning the town of Yamaga Pacan was attacked on four consecutive nights recently. Reinforcements are now arriving there. Gen. Young purposes to pursue the rebels aggressively before the rainy season sets in.

Horse Show in Chicago.

Chicago, March 25.—The National Horse Breeders' Dealers' and Exhibitors' association, now holding their annual meeting in this city, unanimously decided Friday night to revive the horse show in Chicago. The date will either be the last week in November, immediately after the New York horse show, or during the first week in December.

Unconscious When Found.

Chicago, March 25.—A man supposed from papers found in his pocket to be E. H. Jones, well dressed, and with \$85 in his pocket, was found unconscious from the effects of supposed opium poison in the rear of a billiard academy on Dearborn street. He died without regaining consciousness.

Miners' Wages Advanced.

Philadelphia, March 26.—The Berwind-White Coal Mining Co. has notified all its miners of a general average advance of 20 per cent. The miners are now placed upon a basis of 50 cents per gross ton, and all day labor increased accordingly.

Will Photograph the Eclipse.

Washington, March 26.—Extensive preparations are being made at the United States naval observatory for photographing and observing the total eclipse of the sun, which occurs on May 28.

From Washington

How a Little Boy Was Saved.

Washington, D. C.—"When our boy was about 16 months old he broke out with a rash which was thought to be measles. In a few days he had a swelling on the left side of his neck and it was decided to be mumps. He was given medical attendance for about three weeks when the doctor said it was scarofula and ordered a salve. He wanted to lance the sore, but I would not let him, and continued giving him medicine for about four months, when the bunch broke in two places and became a running sore. Three doctors said it was scarofula, and each ordered a blood medicine. A neighbor told me of a case somewhat like our baby's which was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I decided to give it to my boy and in a short while his health improved and his neck healed so nicely that I stopped giving him the medicine. The sore broke out again, however, whereupon I again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and its persistent use has accomplished a complete cure." MRS. NETTIE CHASE, 47 K St., N. E.

One of Glen McDonough's Jokes.

In one of his farces Glen McDonough had written two or three lines to be spoken by a chorus girl. The lines were given to a green, heavy amateur, who looked well and would do. At the rehearsal the girl made her way to McDonough, who held the book, and said: "Mr. McDonough, I have a line in the first act and one in the third. Couldn't you write me one for the second act, too?" McDonough thought a minute, looked at the girl and said: "Yes; in the banquet scene you enter and say: 'Here is the ham.'" "Oh, do I bring the ham on with me?" "No, my dear; it is not a speech, it is a confession."—Chicago Chronicle.

To California Quickly and Comfortably

Via Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Lines. "The Overland Limited" leaves Chicago daily 6:30 P. M., arrives San Francisco the afternoon of third day, and Los Angeles next morning. No change of cars. All meals in dining cars. Buffet, smoking and library cars, with barber. "The best of everything." "The Pacific Express" leaves Chicago daily 10:30 P. M., with first-class and through tourist sleepers to California. Personally conducted excursions every Thursday. All agents sell tickets via Chicago & North-Western R'y. For full information and illustrated pamphlet apply to W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Trigby, does your club play what regularly?" "No; the women talk regularly, and we men play what when conversation flags."—Indianapolis Journal.

Happy Women

who have been relieved of painful menstruation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, are constantly writing grateful letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cured them. It always relieves painful periods and no woman who suffers should be without this knowledge.

Nearly all the ills of women result from some derangement of the female organism. Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine makes women healthy; of this there is overwhelming proof.

Don't experiment. If you suffer get this medicine and get Mrs. Pinkham's free advice. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I have been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets."

FRANK WATKINS.

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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. Price, 25c. per box.

CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Selling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, Ill.

NO-TO-BAG Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION MADE

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

The genuine have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them.

not, we will send a pair on receipt of price and 25c. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width, plain or can toe. Cut free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Positively cures coughs, colds in the chest or throat, whooping cough, croup, consumption! Always reliable. It is splendid for children. Tastes good. Doses are small. 25c.